

Witch Monastery #Chapter 131: The Amazons' Banquet Revels - Read Witch Monastery Chapter 131: The Amazons' Banquet Revels

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That night, inside Porter's new dwelling.

"To celebrate our new home, everyone—cheers!"

The spacious living room had been cleared, the floor covered with a blanket woven of dried hay. At the blanket's center rested a large bronze cauldron, brimming with all manner of meats and seasonings; beneath it, charcoal glowed, sending savory aromas wafting from the simmering ingredients.

Five or six tall, strikingly beautiful Amazon women, their brown skin etched with subtle muscular lines, sat cross-legged around the cauldron on the straw mat. Lifting yellow, cylindrical wooden goblets, they shouted in wild delight, "Cheers! Thanks to the favor of the War God for bestowing us with this fair skinned lamb!"

Charles was among them, though his own pale skin made him seem a little out of place amongst these bronzed women.

He sat with Porter, who, in her athletic Amazonian way, had wrapped an arm about his shoulders, forcing him in close contact with her warm, brown skin—a sight that left him looking slightly pitiable.

"Hey, priest, you'd better drink, too!" Spotting his hesitance to raise a cup, Porter, her arm still slung over him, urged impatiently, "No celebration can be complete without wine! How can you not drink at a time like this?"

Charles drew up a rather forced smile. "Sorry, it's just that my faith—some religious concerns, I—"

Porter cocked an eyebrow at that. "What, does your Goddess of Life forbid wine?"

He shook his head at once. "It's not that, uh... I'm just underaged..."

"Underaged? Who came up with that nonsense rule?"

"Ugh..."

Porter only hugged him tighter. "Don't worry, this stuff isn't strong at all. Trust me, priest—if you don't savor an Amazon woman's craft, and experience tonight's gourmet revels, you'll regret it!"

With that, she bent slightly, reaching for the already-brimming goblet before him and thrust it into his hand. "Come, raise your voice with us and thank the War God for bestowing us with this fair-skinned lamb!"

Charles had no choice but to comply, and remembering his own "role," managed a weak cry: "Thanks to the Goddess of Life for bestowing me, the fair-skinned lamb!"

This drew a burst of laughter from all around; the Amazons tipped back and roared with mirth. Charles, clueless, just felt out of place, and in an attempt to mask his awkwardness, threw back the wine in one gulp.

Unknown to him—unfamiliar as he was with Amazon custom—the "fair-skinned lamb" they so joyfully spoke of was not the mutton boiling in the pot.

But him.

He finished the wine in a single draft, letting out a long breath as his cheeks reddened. Porter hadn't lied: the alcohol was mild and smooth, robust in flavor without the fiery cut of spirits, and even left a hint of sweetness.

Though... he did start feeling a little hot...

He kept that to himself. After he set down his cup, Porter turned even more enthusiastic, her arm thrown round his shoulders as she chatted about recent happenings in the slums: this or that gang clash, how many bodies had turned up, those guys being bored out of their minds—all sorts of slum tales.

Charles played along, though inwardly he was cursing: If you hadn't allied with the South Harbor District Office, driving out local fishermen, none of this place's poverty—and its swarms of slum thugs—would exist in the first place...

But he kept that to himself; after all, he still had to earn their money. Thankfully, the ordeal didn't last long before the pot began to boil.

An Amazon woman lifted the lid, letting loose a mouthwatering aroma of stewed meat. The banquet's guests reached in, doling out food with communal ladles, while Porter, now releasing his shoulders, kindly whipped up a sauce of honey that the Amazons favored, then heaped beef, lamb, fish, and bird eggs into Charles's bowl with generous helpings.

He tried a bite, and his expression turned wry. It wasn't that he disliked such stuff, but the taste simply didn't suit him.

He'd have preferred a spicy stew—peanut sauce as base, garnished with chili and coriander.

And honestly, for fare like this, he'd much rather use chopsticks than spoons and knives...

Ahem!

"No more, really, I can't eat another bite."

Staring woefully at his brimming bowl, Charles tried to halt Porter's relentless serving.

The Amazon merely rolled her eyes, ignoring all protests as she resolutely added more meat. "Come on, how could this be enough? Aren't you still growing? Have a little more. Some of these ingredients are brought right from our homeland—they're the best. Eat too little and you'll lack energy later..."

Her meaning left Charles puzzled; he hadn't a notion of what exertions later would demand such stamina. The others only exchanged smirks, eyes dancing as they kept their own counsel, clearly amused.

All he could do was attribute it to being a man with far less appetite than these brawny, warrior women, and so, bracing himself, he kept chewing through the mountain of meat.

As night deepened and wine circulated, with the stove roaring and warm drink flowing, the whole room grew flushed and steamy. After gorging on copious meat, Charles felt his consciousness blur; heat seemed to burn within him, an impulse to strip his clothes and cool off—a tempting thought, except that, as the room was filled solely with women, he dared not act on it. Instead, he sat squeezed, red-faced and sweating.

"So damned hot."

Suddenly, Porter grumbled beside him, then promptly shed her jacket.

Charles cast a sidelong glance—and his eyes nearly glazed over. At that moment, the Amazon's upper body wore nothing but a black, lace-trimmed demi-bra, her magnificently wheat-colored breasts boldly displayed before him. The deep valley between them seemed to draw his gaze like a lodestone, allowing him to see nothing else.

The sculpted, six-pack abs below her chest—taut and without a hint of fat—he barely registered.

"Ugh, it really is hot..."

"Let's all strip down..."

Porter's cue set the tone; as the female executive divested herself, the rest of the Amazonian women followed suit, each grumbling, then throwing off their own outerwear

to reveal their brown, athletic bodies and lush, full bosoms—every upper body clad now in nothing but bras.

Each bra was a different style, but every breast beneath was perfect—ripe and high.

The atmosphere immediately grew charged with ambiguity. Charles felt flustered and at a loss; his mouth went dry, heart pounding, body responding all-too-naturally to the twin stimulants of alcohol and this vision of beauty.

To avoid embarrassment, he leaned forward, masking his awkwardness, adding, "Why don't we open a window, let some air in?"

"No." Porter put a firm hand on his arm, halting his movement. "The scent of the meat would drift away."

"You'd better take off your robe too, priest—it's boiling in here." She insisted, her hand confidently reaching for his priest's jacket.

"I'm fine, really..." Charles dodged instinctively, a vague sense of foreboding setting in. Her eyes now gleamed with barely restrained hunger—she resembled a starving lioness poised to pounce upon her chosen rabbit.

"Well, are you shy?" Seeing his resistance, Porter grinned wickedly. "Let me see!"

Without warning, she lunged, catching him and seizing his wrist.

Charles tried to resist, but his strength was no match for a battle-hardened Amazon. His wrist was quickly subdued; her powerful hand forced his fingers into her bra.

His fingertips instinctively squeezed, met by a shock of elastic resilience—had Porter not held his wrist fast, he'd have doubted if the rebound would send his finger flying!

He squeezed again, marveling at the elastic, firm breast in his grasp, finding it almost impossible to let go.

"Seems you like it after all, priest."

Delighted by his kneading, Porter's grin grew more excited. "You've been staring at them all night, haven't you?"

Charles's face blushed crimson; he turned away, unable to meet her gaze.

He ought to be immune to embarrassment like this—he'd seen plenty with witches, loving girls who doted on him without shame.

Porter, though, was different: a stranger, forceful in a way that left him truly ill at ease—

Yet, he didn't resist.

"Ms. Porter, have some decency..." he pleaded, but his fingers betrayed him, kneading her once more.

Porter, seeing his struggle, only became more mischievous. "Your body's so honest, you're even getting enthusiastic..."

She leaned in, her body pressing closer, a thigh pinning his own, leaving him totally helpless, while her other hand boldly swept between his legs, instantly gauging his readiness.

Ha, worth every penny I spent...

She smirked, watching his flustered look, thrill growing in her heart.

"What's the matter? Never had an experience like this before?" she whispered, hot breath grazing his ear, teasing his desire. "The nuns in your monastery are all such beauties, after all."

"What, none of them have ever had you?"

Sweat beaded on Charles's brow as he mustered a feeble protest. "We're brothers and sisters in purity, drawn together by belief, it's not like you imagine—"

Porter's grin only broadened. "That's wonderful, sweetheart."

She turned to the others. "Sisters, our priest Charles—turns out he's never done this before!"

A chorus of tinkling laughter followed, along with a round of teasing cries. Charles, panicked, looked around and found the rest gathering in, circling him.

Their blue or brown eyes gleamed with hunger, watching his body like wolves; even the sound of their swallowing was audible—

"I can't believe it, I thought the nuns would have devoured him by now."

"They're always so self-restrained, never tasting the lamb set before them—what a waste!"

"Well, that just means all the more for us!"

"True enough, hahahahaha—!"

...

They laughed wildly, then surged forward to strip him. Before so many hungry hands, Charles couldn't resist at all. In moments, every stitch of clothing was gone.

"No—" he tried to protest, but Porter's lips, tasting of sweet ale, pressed fiercely to his own.

"Woo..."

Charles collapsed onto the straw mat, a guttural moan tearing from his throat. He strained to look downward but saw only Porter's ravenous mouth devouring his. Unseen hands stripped his trousers, then hot suction engulfed his cock. An Amazon knelt between his thighs, taking his full length deep into her throat with savage force.

Gods—such technique! Her mouth worked his shaft with brutal suction, lips sealed tight around his girth while her tongue lashed the sensitive underside. Each powerful pull threatened to drain his marrow, the pressure building at his base as precum leaked into her hungry mouth. His legs trembled violently beneath her.

Is she trying to drain me dry?! The panicked thought flashed when rough hands captured his wrists. Two Amazons dragged his palms to their bared breasts—high, firm mounds liberated from leather bindings. Their nipples hardened against his touch as they forced his fingers to knead their flesh. Though Charles should've felt like the conqueror, their greedy smirks declared them the aggressors.

Wild wenches! Yet...such perfection. His fingers remembered their craft, pinching stiffened peaks until choked moans escaped the women's throats—cries that melded into breathless laughter. Charles worked deliberately now, thumbing puckered areolas while plunging fingers into hot cleavage until both Amazons shuddered.

Ahead, Porter tore off her black lace demi-cup. Her breasts surged free—overspilled globes capped with dusky-pink nipples, virginal despite her sun-bronzed skin. She crushed them against Charles's face, smothering him in sweat-slicked flesh.

"Woo..."

He breathed salt and leather through the suffocating cleavage, nostrils flaring at her musk. Blindness heightened sensation. His hands worked frantically at the other Amazons' breasts—twisting nipples, sinking fingers into yielding flesh—drawing frantic gasps as hips ground against his sides.

The woman sucking his thick cock released it, the glistening shaft now angled toward the ceiling. "Ready, Director."

Porter stood. As Charles regained sight, another large-breasted woman lifted his head and smothered his eyes with her tits. Sightless again, he felt a scorching hand grip his thick cock, guiding it into a sopping entrance before slamming it deep inside—

"Oh..."

"Ah—!"

Porter's muscular body offered brutal resistance, but her dripping wetness eased the way. His thick cock sheared through, impaling her to the hilt. Unimaginable pleasure tore simultaneous cries from both throats.

Her warrior heart pounded; minor pain meant nothing, but excitement left her breathless. Staring at his youthful body, desire erupted like lava. Finally... mine.

She flexed her core muscles, clamping his thick cock, then began pistoning her entire upper body—an amateur move exhausting for anyone but an Amazon.

"Ah—!" Sightless and hyper-sensitive, Charles felt every brutal contraction of her walls crushing his shaft. Each upward stroke threatened to suck out his soul!

As she accelerated, ecstasy shattered his mind. "Ah... Priest!" The women under his fingers whimpered when he pinched their stiff nipples, yet they shoved his hands onto their other breasts for more.

Porter moaned, "You're amazing..." before tension coiled her muscles—"I—can't—ah—!" She slammed down hard, neck arched, thighs locking his waist as her core convulsed. Scalding fluid gushed around his thick cock—

"I'm... oh—!" Charles roared, unloading his first thick jet deep inside her, sharing her climax.

Gasping, they recovered. The breast-smothering woman moved aside, letting Charles see Porter straddling his hips, face flushed. Sweat glistened on her heaving chest, nipples rock-hard under firelight—a vision of raw lust.

Face crimson, Charles caught his breath. "I should go. Hattie will worry." He grasped tonight's truth: Porter's banquet honored the Seed-Taking Tradition. To take me publicly—bold.

As he spoke, fire reignited in his loins. His thick cock sprang back to attention.

"Leave?" Porter's lips curved wickedly. "Impossible, dear Priest. This is just the start." The feast's calorie-dense foods had loaded him with fuel; they'd drain every drop.

Another Amazon murmured, "Relax and enjoy, dear Priest," eyes hungry. "Tonight's very long."

"Our sisters haven't tasted you yet."

The remaining Amazons surged, kissing his cheeks, palms, pecs, waist, even feet—lionesses starving to devour him!

Porter, stamina restored, gripped his thick cock, aligned it with her slick entrance, and impaled herself again. "Oh—" Her blissful cry sealed it: this orgy would rage till dawn.

Unnoticed in the room's corners and walls, mosquitoes perched silently, wings still, surveilling it all.

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